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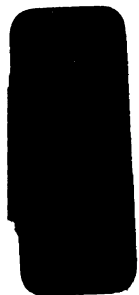
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# BRITISH REVIEW

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T H E  
LITERARY AND BIOGRAPHICAL  
M A G A Z I N E,  
A N D  
B R I T I S H R E V I E W,

For J A N U A R Y, 1793.

MEMOIRS OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

WITH AN ELEGANT PORTRAIT.

**S**IR JOSHUA REYNOLDS was the son of the Rev. Mr. Reynolds, and born at Plympton St. Mary's, in Devonshire, in the year 1723. His father was universally respected, and an intimate friend of that eminent divine, Mr. Zachariah Mudge. Mr. Reynolds had a very numerous family, which, however, never depressed his spirits, and he was assiduous in cultivating learning among his neighbours. Young Reynolds was sent early to a grammar-school, being intended by his father for the church, and went from thence to one of the universities, where he took the degree of master of arts.

Sir Joshua ever declared, that the destination of his mind to painting was occasioned by an accidental perusal of Richardson's treatise on that art when very young. He became a pupil to Mr. Hudson the painter, in 174—, who, amongst other advice that he gave him, recommended

him to copy Guercino's drawings. This he did with such skill, that many of them are now preserved in the cabinets of the curious in this country, as the originals of that very great master. About the year 1750, he went to Rome to prosecute his studies, where he remained about two years, and employed himself rather in making studies from, than in copying the works of the great painters with which that illustrious capital of art abounds. Here too he amused himself with painting caricatures, particularly a very large one of all the English that were then at Rome, in the different attitudes of Raphael's celebrated school at Athens. He returned to England about the year 1752, and took a house in Newport-street, Leicester-fields; to which latter place he removed soon afterwards, and where he continued till the time of his death. Sir Joshua had so little of the jealousy of his profession, that

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when a celebrated English artist, on his arrival from Italy, asked him where he should set up a house, Sir Joshua told him, that the next house to him was vacant, and that he had found his situation a very good one. Sir Joshua was soon after elected a fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies, and on the institution of the Royal Academy, was elected president of that noble seminary of arts, and his election was confirmed by his sovereign.

Sir Joshua died on the 23d of February, 1792, after a discale of languor, occasioned by an enlargement of the liver. His body, by the permission of his sovereign (who appeared to wish that every possible honour should be conferred on the remains of the president of his own academy), lay in state in one of the apartments of the Royal Academy; and was conveyed on the morning of Saturday, the 3d of March, to the cathedral of the metropolis, attended by the most distinguished persons in the country in birth, in talents, and in virtue. It was received at the west door of the church by the venerable Chapter, who preceded it into the choir, where a solemn funeral service was performed; and that no mark of respect might be wanting to the respectable remains, (whose obsequies were then celebrating) they added some supernumerary and excellent fingers to their choir. It seems to be only wanting now, that the ingenious body over which he presided, with so much honour to them as well as to himself, should pay their tribute of respect to the memory of a man who contributed so much by his practical as well as speculative talents in his art, to dignify their institution, and to diffuse throughout the country a just and well-founded taste in painting. A monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, voted by general acclamation, and erected at the expence of the common fund of the academy, will, to all lovers of art, appear no less a debt of justice than a mark of respect.

Of Sir Joshua's moral and intellectual character, who shall presume to speak, after Mr. Burke's eloquent and accurate delineation of it! It is the eulogium of Apelles pronounced by Pericles; and to attempt to add to it, would be to risk the same censure that would be passed upon an inferior artist who should presume to retouch one of Sir Joshua's own pictures.

An ingenious critic in art thus delineates Sir Joshua's professional character:

"Sir Joshua Reynolds was most assuredly the best portrait painter that this age has produced. He possessed something original in his manner which distinguished it from those painters who preceded him. His colouring was excellent, and his distribution of light and shadow so generally judicious and varied, that it most clearly shewed that it was not a mere trick of practice, but the result of principle. In history painting his abilities were very respectable, and his invention and judgment were sufficient to have enabled him to have made a very distinguished figure in that very arduous branch of his profession, if the exclusive taste of this country for portraits had not discouraged him from cultivating a talent so very unproductive and neglected. His drawing, though incorrect, had always something of grandeur in it."

To his own pictures might be well applied what he used to say respecting those of Reubens: "They resemble," said he, "a well-chosen nosegay, which, though the colours are splendid and vivid, they are never glaring or oppressive to the eye."

Sir Joshua wrote—"Discourses delivered at the Royal Academy, 2 vols." 8vo. "Notes to Mr. Mason's Translation of Dufresnoy on Painting," 4to. The Papers, No. 76, 79, 82, in the Idler, on the subject of painting, were also written by him.

It must not be forgotten in this sketch

sketch of the Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds, that at the installation of Lord North as chancellor of the university of Oxford, that learned body presented him with a degree of doctor of laws; an academical honour which he merited no less from his talents as a writer, than from his skill in his profession. The late Dr. Vansittart, of All Souls college, introduced him into the theatre with a very elegant Latin speech.

B I O G R A P H I A N A ;

OR, ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONS.

NUMBER X.

MASQUE de FER.

and a very eloquent advocate of the last parliament of Dauphiné.

IN the manuscript memoirs of M. de la Reinterie, at present in the possession of the Marquis of Mesmon-Romance, at Paris, there is a very curious account of this celebrated state-prisoner. The Marquis says, that when he commanded in the fortrefs of Pignerol, a prisoner, who was confined in the castle, shut the door of his room upon the officer, who rushed upon him, and ran down stairs to escape from his confinement. He was, however, stopped by the centinel. The officer in the meanwhile cried out from the window, that the prisoner was making his escape, and desired the assistance of the garrison. The officer upon guard immediately run up, and laid hold of the prisoner, who was scuffling with the centinel. The officer drew his sword, and the prisoner immediately cried out in a very imperious and commanding tone of voice, "*Songez a ce que vous faites respectez le sang de vos souverains.*"—"Take care, Sir, what you do; respect the blood of your monarchs." In the mean time the officer who was locked in the room came out, put his hand upon the prisoner's mouth, and desired all the persons present, never to mention what they had heard the prisoner say. M. de la Reinterie says, that he never told the story to any one, except to two or three persons about the court, and whose names he mentions. This account was given to the relator by a very able

JOHN de WITT.

This illustrious pensionary of Holland, when he was one day asked how he could get through with ease the immense load of business, that would oppress most other men; replied, by doing one thing at a time. Another of his maxims, in the conduct of life, and of still more value than all his political ones, was to be careful of his health, but careless of his life. This great man well knew the importance of health to the mental as well as to the corporeal functions, and at the same time was convinced that in certain situations, where the duty to one's country, to one's relations, to one's friends, and to one's self, demands it, that a sacrifice of those is justly and honourably made, and that not to make it is "*propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.*" The manner of life of this great man was so simple, that though his name appeared by the side of that of emperors and of kings in many public acts, that he used to walk from his own house to that of the states at the Hague, attended only by a single servant, and that one man and one maid-servant composed his whole domestic establishment. He and his brother Cornelius were (as is but too well known) torn in pieces by the exasperated and deluded multitude of Holland, John de Witt repeating, in the midst of all his torments, that fine ode of Horace—

A 2

Justum

Iustum & tenacem propositi virum  
Non circum ardor, prava juberium  
Non vultus instantis tyranni  
Mentigatit solidâ, &c.

One of his political maxims seems to do too much honour to the judgment of sovereigns and their ministers—"Tous les princes & tons les etats se reglent sur leurs interets, & que des que l'on sçait en quoi leurs vrais interets consistent, on peut sçavoir quels en sont les projets. De Witt wrote *Negociations*, 1725, 5 tomes 12mo. *Memoires sur la Hollande*, 4 tomes 12mo. which are very highly esteemed for the simplicity of the style, and the excellent political observations with which they abound. Though de Witt was in general inimical to the house of Orange, he took care of the revenues, and superintended the education of William the Third, when he was Prince of Orange; and bishop Burnet supposes, that for many of the virtues and talents which adorned the character of this excellent prince, he was indebted to the care and attention of his illustrious preceptor.

#### ALMANZOR,

The great, as he is called, to distinguish him from some other Arabian princes of his name, was king of Cordova, in Spain. He was no less famous for his wisdom than for his courage; he wrote a book of maxims, from which these that follow are taken.

"If hungry beggars are whipt through the streets, beggars in fine cloaths have a right to their proportion of notice, and should be sent to the galleys.

"Pride is as true a beggar, very often, as poverty can be, but a good deal more saucy.

"A prince who resolves to do no good, unless he can do every thing, teaches his people to see that they are slaves, and they have a right to do whatever they have a mind to.

"Power and liberty are like heat and moisture; when they are well

mixed, every thing prospers; when they are single, they ever do mischief.

"I believe the least useful part of the people have the most credit with the prince. Men will conclude therefore, that to get every thing, it is necessary to be good for nothing."

#### ALEXANDER VII.

Was a man of great finesse in little things. Mezeray says of him, "Il etoit petit dans les grandes choses & grande dans les petites." He set out in his pontificate with a prodigious appearance of disinterestedness, with a resolution to do but little for his family; however, when he found this resolution begin to flag, and that he was sending for them to Rome, he ordered his coffin to be made, and put into his bed-chamber, in hopes that the constant remembrance of what he was at last to come to, might prevent his incurring the usual crime of popes, nepotism. This solemn *memento mori* he soon began to regard as one of the common pieces of furniture in his room. "C'en n'est geueres par les yeux," says Pere d'Aroigny, who relates the anecdote, "qu'on devient plus homme de bien."—"We are seldom the better for our eyes." The following elegant satirical epitaph was composed for him.

Hic jacet

Alexander VII.

In ambiendo Pontificatu solers,  
In tenendo rapax.

In relinquendo ad ostentationem  
compositus.

Fide, fuit in seipsam maximâ,  
In homines dubiâ

In Deum modicâ aut nullâ.

Spe

Galliam allexit,

Charitate

Scipsum complexus est,  
Ecclesiam

In publicum damnum,

In privatam suam utilitatem.

In proprium dedecus

Mensam

Menſam unum, menſes quatuor  
Læſis aut luſis Regibus. rexit.  
Huic autem lædere ac lædere tam  
familiare fuit  
Ut moriturus

Mimum ſtrenuè agere non deſtituerit  
Abiit art plures, paucos mærentibus  
Id Feb. Anno Dom. 1691.

The Latin poems of this pontiff were publicly printed at the Louvre preſs, 1656, folio. According to Otho Venius, Rubens's maſter, every human countenance is like that of ſome animal. The countenance of this pope was exactly like that of a fox, as Plato's was that of a dog. The late Dr. Johnſon's reſembled that of an elephant.

*CHRISTINA, Queen of Sweden,*

Said well of the celebrated revocation of the edict of Nantes, in France, that it was like a wounded perſon, whoſe leg, through impotence and folly, the ſurgeons cut off, inſtead of waiting till it healed of itſelf. When ſome one asked Chriſtina why ſhe gave up the ſovereignty of her country, "Le Parnalle vaut mieux que le trone," was her reply. She changed her religion from the Lutheran to the Catholic perſuaſion. When ſome manuſcripts was preſented to her, in which the ſincerity of her converſion was doubted, ſhe wrote on the back of it, "Qui lo ſa, non ſcrive, qui lo ſcrive, non ſa." Her motto was,

"Fata viam inveniunt."

Chriſtina, in drawing her own character, ſays of herſelf, that ſhe was ſuſpicious, ambitious to the greateſt degree, impatient, contemptuous, irreligious, of an ardent and impetuous character, was by nature inclined to gallantry, but that ſhe was kept from it by an exceſs of pride. Wonderful qualities in a heroine! Writing to Madame Scuderi, three years before her death, ſhe ſays, "La mort, que ſ'approche, & ne marque jamais ſon moment, ne m'inquiete pas, je l'at-

ten dſans la déſſier, ni la craindre." She ordered the following inſcription for her tomb, in St. Peter's church at Rome.

D. O. M.

Vixit Chriſtina, Annos 62.

Account of Chriſtina. by a contemporary writer. "Elle dédaigne fortement les femmes, & parle toujours tres civilement aux hommes dont elle affecte le ton du voix & quaſi toutes les actions elle affecte ſont de faire l'amazone. Elle a pour le moins autant de gloire & de fierté, que pouvoit avoir le grand Guſtave ſon Pere. Elle eſt fort civile & fort careſſante, parle huit langues & principalement la François, comme ſi elle étoit née a Paris. Je crois n'avoir rien oublié a ſa peinture, hormis qu'elle porte quelque fois une Epée avec un collet de Buſſe, & que ſa perruque eſt noire, & qu'elle n'a ſur ſa gorge, qu'une echarpe de même." Chriſtina, though ſhe quitted the throne of Sweden to be free to purſue her ſtudies, wrote very little. Some letters, and ſome detached thoughts of hers, are publiſhed in Arkenholtz's memoirs of this queen, 14 vols. 4to. She wrote alſo ſome reflections on the life and actions of Alexander the Great, to whom ſhe was very fond of being compared.

*INNOCENT X.*

Pamphili was, according to Amelot de la Houſſaie, known to the late Louis XIV. and the French nation from the following circumſtance. When this pope, who was a man of letters, was in the nuncio's ſuite at Paris, the nuncio, with all his ſuite, went to ſee the library of a famous collector in that city.—The owner of the library very ſoon miſſed a ſmall ſcarce book, on the liberties of the Gallican church, and taxed the nuncio with having purloined it. The nuncio excuſed himſelf, and ſaid, he did not care the leaſt for any book whatever, and that moſt probably a little ugly fellow of his train, Pamphili, who was fond

6 *Biographiana; or, Anecdotes of illustrious Persons.*

fond of books, had put it in his pocket. Pamphili denied the charge, but was very soon beset by some of the servants of the house, who pulled the book from out of his pocket.

MARIVEAUX,

The French novelist, though wonderfully alembicated in his manner of writing, was not so in his cha-

rafter. When he was once accosted by a very stout beggar to give him alms, said, "My good friend, I wonder you beg; why don't you work, as you appear to be able?" "Alas, Sir," replied the beggar, "if you did but know how idle I am." "Well," replied Mariveaux, giving him half a crown, "go your way; you are an honest fellow."

#### OBSERVATIONS ON THE NATIVE SILK-WORMS OF NORTH AMERICA.

BY THE LATE MR. MOSES BARTRAM.

*From the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society.*

I Had for a long time, a desire to know, if some of the wild silk worms of North-America, could, with proper care, be propagated to advantage; accordingly, in March, 1766, I made an excursion along the banks of Schuylkill, in search of some pods or cocoons, in which the worms spin themselves up and lie concealed all the winter, in the nymph state, preparing for a change in the spring, namely, from an aurelia to a fly.

I was so lucky as to find five cocoons that had live sound nymphæ in them. These five I placed in my garret opposite to a window, that fronted the sun rising. I did this, that the warmth of the sun might forward their coming out.

May 10. One of the flies came out; but the window happening to be left open it made its escape.

May 13. One of my pods produced a large brown fly, beautifully spotted, next day two more of them produced each a fly.

May 17. One of the flies, which came out of a large loose pod, began to lay eggs. On the 22d, the other two, which were males, grew very weak and feeble and unable to fly. Next day one of them died, and the day following the other died; the female fly all this time continuing to lay eggs; on the 24th at night she also died,

having laid near three hundred eggs. May 31, my last pod produced a large female fly, of the brown kind like the rest. But there being no male I could expect no increase from it. June 3d, she began to lay eggs and continued some days: on the 8th she died, having laid upwards of two hundred eggs. These which my last fly laid looked at first large and full, but in a few days they began to shrivel and be indented in the middle, as did all the rest. However, I folded them all up in separate papers and laid them by, to see if any would hatch the spring following.

The male fly is less than the female, but his colours are brighter and more beautiful.

In the spring of the year 1767, I examined the eggs, and found them all dry, and not likely to produce worms; from whence I concluded they had not been impregnated by the males. This was a disappointment to me. But being still of opinion, that they might be propagated, I determined to make another trial with more caution and circumspection. Accordingly, I set out in search of cocoons, and gathered several of them both from the swamps and upland. Those from the swamps I got chiefly off the alder; those from the upland,

off

off the wild crab-tree, and the viburnum or black haw bushes.

These pods I placed as I had the others, before my garret window, where the sun might shine on them, as soon as it arose, and a great part of the forenoon. When I expected the flies were near coming out, I tacked coarse cloths up against the windows on the inside, not only to darken the room, but also for the flies to settle on, and to prevent them, it attempting to make their escape, from beating their legs and wings to pieces against the glass, which I found to be the case last year, and which it is probable, prevented their copulating.

May 16. Three of my cocoons produced each a fine large fly of the brown kind, the same as those of last year. The two following days two more flies made their appearance, and one of the eldest began to lay eggs, which not being impregnated, dried up and yielded no increase.

May 19. One of the males that came out on the 16th, copulated with the female that was produced on the 18th. They continued together about twenty-four hours; a common case with most of the insect tribe, which lay a great number of eggs at once. And something similar may be observed in some other animals.

May 22. This female fly began to lay eggs, which looked plump and fine. Though I had now several flies, yet this was the only one from which I had any increase.

June 2. The last of my flies died, all expiring regularly as they came out. The period of their existence is short, seldom exceeding nine or ten days, though some of the females lived to the age of fourteen or fifteen, as I found by one I had last year.

June 3. The eggs that were impregnated began to hatch and produce worms, to which I presented for food the leaves of our common mulberry; but they did not seem

fond of them. I laid before them several other kinds of vegetables, and observed that they seemed best pleased with the alder.

June 4th, 5th, and 6th. The eggs continued hatching and producing young worms.

June 8. Those first hatched left off feeding, shrunk up short, and seemed motionless. I imagined they were sick and changed their food, trying almost every kind of vegetable, in hopes of finding something that would agree with them better; but all to no purpose. Having killed several in shifting them from one kind of food to another, while the rest still continued in the same torpid state, notwithstanding all I could do, I thought all my hopes of raising them were frustrated and concluded they would perish.

June 9. I was agreeably surprized to see the little animals, that I had given over as dead, creeping out of their old skins, and appearing much larger and more beautiful than before. Finding themselves disengaged, in a little time, they turned about and fell to devouring their old coat, which seemed a delicious repast to them: after which they rested about twelve hours, and then began to feed on leaves as formerly with great eagerness.

June 15. The eldest worms again left off feeding, shrunk up very short, and appeared fixed on the leaves almost motionless. In this situation they continued until the 17th, on which day, after appearing to be very violently convulsed for near half an hour, they threw off another skin, which they eat as before, and then resting about twelve hours, fell to their usual food.

June 20. One of my worms, that had just disengaged itself from its old covering, whilst it yet remained weak, was destroyed by a kind of bug armed with a long bill, with which it pierced the side of the worm, and sucked out its vitals. This bug, which I fancy, I must have



have brought in with the leaves. I take to be a common enemy to the silk worm in its tender state. Its bill is so long, that it can stand at some distance from the worm, and with its weapon wound it, notwithstanding the bunches of hair or bristles, in form of a pencil, with which the worm is covered, and which are its principal defence.

June 23. My oldest worms left off feeding, shrunk up, and on the 25th, threw off their third covering, which they devoured, and after resting the usual time, returned to feed as before.

July 2. They left off feeding the fourth time, and on the 5th parted with their fourth covering, after eating which, and resting as usual, they continued to feed on the leaves.

It is remarkable every change they undergo adds fresh beauty to the worms, and in every new dress, they appear with more gaudy colours and lively streaks.

July 22. Two of my oldest worms left off feeding and began to wander about in search of a proper place to spin. Thereupon I got sticks, in which I fixed a number of pegs for the greater convenience of the worms; though they can spin in any place, where they have or can form an angle for their webs. After wandering about some time, they fixed at last and began to spin in a curious manner.

July 23. Two left off feeding; these I placed on the racks I had made, which I fixed in glass bottles to prevent the worms from getting off: for I found they were apt to ramble greatly before they could fix on a place to their liking, if they were not suffered to spin among the leaves they feed on; in which case they begin to spin soon after they leave off feeding. But I did not like to suffer this, as they seemed fond of drawing bits of twigs and leaves into their nests, which must obstruct the unwinding the silk. One of them spun on the

rack, the other got to the window and spun in the angle of that.

July 24. Five left off feeding; and having wandered about all night began, early next morning, to spin. In like manner the rest of my worms, as fast as they arrived at a state of maturity, daily applied themselves to spinning or wrapping themselves up in cocoons. August 10. the last worm left off feeding, and like the rest wrapped itself up, in which state I expect they will all remain, until May next, when each of them, I hope, will produce a beautiful fly.

It seems strange there should be an interval of no less than nineteen days between the time the first and last worm began to spin, though they were all hatched within three or four days of one another, which was nearly the space of time the parent fly was laying the eggs. Whether this was owing to the weakness or strength of the vital principle in some more than in others, or whether to the shifting their food, or to their being frightened, and thereby prevented from feeding, I cannot tell. Farther experiments may possibly explain the matter.

The method I took to raise these worms, with the least trouble to myself, as I live in town, and consequently had to bring food for them out of the country, was as follows: I filled several bottles with water; in these bottles I placed branches of such vegetables as the worms feed on. I placed the bottles so near each other, that when any of their food withered, the worms might crawl to what was fresh. By this means I kept their food fresh for near a week. I always kept the bottles full of water, whereby the worms were supplied with drink, which seems necessary for them. Without it they will not feed kindly. They commonly crawled down two or three times a day, drank heartily, and then returned to feeding. The leaves of the

the apple tree seemed as agreeable to the worms as any I tried; and they answered best, as they kept fresh in the water longer than any other.

From sundry experiments, I found the worms averse to changing their food. On whatever they first begin to feed, they keep to it.

If any should incline to propagate these worms, I would propose the following method. Let long narrow troughs be made, with a number of notches along the edges. In the bottom of the troughs, on the outside, let pieces of straight wood be fixed, so that the branches, on which the worms are to feed, may lie in the notches; and their ends be fixed under the piece of wood at the bottom. This would keep them steady, and laying thus inclined, they would more freely imbibe the water for the refreshment of the leaves. The dung of the worms would fall clear of the troughs, and the water thereby be clean for their drink. The troughs should be always kept full of water, and placed in a shade, secure from the violence of wind, which might shake down the worms; but not too much confined, because a little air is agreeable to them. Through a hole in the bottom of the trough, the water might be let out every two or three days, and the troughs filled again with fresh water, which by this means would continue sweet and clean.

By this method, I am persuaded, they might be raised to advantage, and perhaps, in time, become no contemptible branch of commerce. They appear to me much easier raised than the Italian or foreign silk worms. I did not lose one by sickness. They hatch so late in the spring that they are not subject to be hurt by the frost. Neither light-

nings nor thunder disturb them, as they are said to do foreign worms. And as they lie so long in their chrysalis state, the cocoons may be unwinded at leisure hours in the ensuing winter. One thing more in their favour is, that one of their cocoons will weigh more than four of the foreign worms; and, of consequence, it may be presumed, will yield a proportionable greater quantity of silk. These properties, not to mention their being natives, and therefore accustomed to our climate, and the variety of vegetables, on which they feed, must render them much more promising than the eastern or foreign worms, and, it is to be hoped, will induce some who have leisure to make further trials of them. Any time before the middle of May will do to collect them. Now is the time to collect the cocoons, and with a little pains a sufficient number of them may be found in almost any swamp or level piece of land, to make a beginning.

I would advise them to prepare boxes, in the following manner: they may be of any convenient length, about six inches deep, and four or five wide; without a bottom, and instead of a close cover for the top, let there be strips of wood nailed on, so close to each other as not to admit the worms crawling through. Let there, also, be several holes in one, or both sides, big enough for the worms to be put in at, as they want to spin, and then stopped up. The inside should be washed with a solution of gum arabic, or cherry tree gum. The boxes may stand on any flat place to prevent the worms getting out; and when the silk is to be unwound, by immersing the boxes in warm water, the cocoons may be taken out without breaking the threads of silk.

## MEMOIR ON SOME EXTINGUISHED VOLCANOS IN GERMANY.

BY PRINCE GALLITZIN.

THE prince complains of the difficulty attending the study of mineralogy, by the uncertainty in the nomenclature of that science, of which we may judge by an anecdote he reports of the Abbé Soulavie. In the collection of this learned man is a stone cut into four blocks, each of which has received a different name from each of the four mineralogists to which they had been sent. If this confusion is so essential a part appears surprising, the silence of naturalists, respecting extinguished volcanos, does not seem less so to our author. "This silence," he says, "would be the less singular, if it respected any two or three volcanos. But their number is so prodigious, their production so various, we pass continually by the side of them, the matter they furnish has been employed for a number of years, not only in paving streets and highways, but also is made an article of commerce. As we go up the Rhine, we meet with them as soon as we pass Bonne, and they continued as far as Switzerland: they run on both sides the Maine, then enter Hesse and the country of Fulda, and end at Göttingen, towards Hartz. They are to be found in Misnia, Transylvania, &c. and Languedoc, Auvergne, Dauphiné, Velai, Vivarais, &c. are full of them. Messrs. Faujas and Soulavie have given a description of them, to which nothing can be added. So that it is clearly proved, that there are beyond comparison more extinguished than existing volcanos in the world. This has been asserted by Mr. Buffon, and the present seems the proper time to enquire into the subject.

"I have only examined a very small number of those extinguished volcanos in Germany. Coming from Munster to Paderborn, I began by those of Hesse. The first

mountain, decidedly volcanic, which I met in my route, was that of Gräbensteen, near Geismar. It is a perfect cone, on the summit of which is a small castle, and at the foot of the castle they dig the *basaltes*, employed in paving the highway between Geismar and Cassel.

"The mountain of Carlsberg, near Cassel, is equally volcanic. The celebrated cascade of Weissenstein is entirely built of *lava* and *basaltes*, dug from the ground on which it is situated. The octagonal building, crowned by the statue of Hercules, is placed immediately on the crater of the mountain; we see indubitable proofs of this when we are on the spot. A few paces from the octagon castle, under a slight layer of vegetable earth, appear some porous lava, red, brown, grey, and violet, and then some heavy lava.

"Immediately below begins the basaltic lava, which has run to the right and left of the mountain as far as where the castle of Weissensteins now stands. These are large rude blocks, which are also to be found on the slope of the mountain, between the cascade and earth. The prismatic basaltes are equally to be found on the top of the mountain, to the left of the statue as we come from Cassel.

"Among the gravelly lava, employed on the walls of the cascade, we often meet with vitrious and calcarious stones, round and perfectly preserved: the heat of the lava, during their running, has not altered them. May we not therefore conclude, that these lava has been only cinders projected from the volcano? The sea afterwards covering this mountain, has formed solid masses of it. The submersion of this mountain in water appears, 1. by the quantity of marine shells which I have gathered from the land newly removed, near the temple



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